

# MARY HARTMAN

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EPISODE #169

by

Lynn Phillips

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARY . . . . .	LOUISE LASER
TOM . . . . .	GREG MULLAVEY
MARTHA . . . . .	DODY GOODMAN
CATHY . . . . .	DEBRALEE SCOTT
GRANDPA . . . . .	VICTOR KILIAN
DETECTIVE JOHNSON . . . . .	RON FEINBERG
CHRISTINE ADDAMS . . . . .	ANDRA AKERS
JACK RENQUIST . . . . .	HEDLEY MATTINGLY
JIL RENQUIST . . . . .	ELSA HOUBA

SETS

<u>ACT I</u> (Pg. 1)	<u>ADDAMS ATTIC ROOM, AFTERNOON (SAME DAY)</u> (Cathy, Christine, Grandpa)
<u>ACT II</u> (Pg. 11)	<u>SHUMWAY KITCHEN, AFTERNOON</u> (Martha, Det. Johnson, Jack, Jill)
<u>ACT III</u> (Pg. 21)	<u>MARY'S LIVING ROOM, EVENING</u> (Mary and Tom)

ACT ONE

ADDAMS' ATTIC ROOM, AFTERNOON, (SAME DAY)

CATHY IS TRYING ON HER NEW MATERNITY WARDROBE FOR CHRISTINE, IN FRONT OF AN ELABORATE MIRROR, PROPPED AGAINST THE WALL. CHRISTINE'S IN A LOOSE-FITTING, SIMPLE DRESS, DESCRIBED BELOW. CATHY'S NEW OUTFIT IS MADE OF BRIGHTLY COLORED FLAGS OF COLOR, STITCHED TOGETHER.

CHRISTINE

(GIVING DIRECTIONS) Turn! Turn! Oh,  
Cathy, it's smashing!

CATHY

If by "smashing" you mean "loud",  
Christine, you couldn't be righter.

CHRISTINE

Oh come on, don't you like it?

CATHY

Well, the last time I saw so many colors smash together in one place was a five car crack-up out on Highway 4.

CHRISTINE

But, Cathy, these colors were tastefully co-ordinated by a top designer.

CATHY

Well, it looks like an accident to me.  
And I look like a wreck.

CHRISTINE

I wish you didn't have such a low opinion  
of yourself. It might affect the baby.

CATHY

I don't have a low opinion of myself,  
Christine; I have a low opinion of the  
way I look in wrap-around rags when I'm  
four months pregnant and can't even  
choose my own clothes.

CHRISTINE

But you agreed to let me shop for you...

CATHY

Yeah, but I thought it would be something  
more like what you're wearing.

CHRISTINE

A Gainesboro Grey Vyella smock with  
raglan sleeves, named after Lord Raglan,  
the Commander in Chief of Britain's  
forces during the Crimean War?

SFX: THE ROOM'S INTERCOM BUZZES

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

(ON HER WAY TO ANSWER IT) Oh, Cathy...  
that wouldn't be you! (TO INTERCOM)

Yes?

CATHY

(TO CHRISTINE'S OTHER EAR) And this  
sewing-basket special is me, huh? I  
feel like a Mademoiselle "Don't".

CHRISTINE

(TO INTERCOM) Send him right up. (TO CATHY) It's your grandfather. (BACK TO THE TOPIC) Really, Cathy. There is Nothing more Mademoiselle "Do" than what you're wearing. It's a Puerto Rican Folkloric with a hint of Guatemala. It's very salsa and coo-rawnt. It's a natural for you.

CATHY

It's a natural, alright. It's a natural disaster... (SLY) But I tell you what. If you think it's so tray hip... why don't we just swap?

CHRISTINE

(HURT) Don't tease me, Cathy. You know I couldn't get away with anything so deliciously vulgar. Brian would disintegrate, just sink into the ground.

CATHY

Maybe if you tried red tricot panties with fringe?

CHRISTINE

(WRY) Oh, but you know Brian. He has zero pizzaz. Brian thought the pill box hat was showey.

CATHY

But he's not even here. He'll never know. We can just trade for a minute.

CHRISTINE

(CONSIDERS) Well... alright...

THE TWO WOMEN TRADE OUTFITS...

CATHY

Wow, this is soft...

CHRISTINE

God... you know, if I tried sky blue,  
Chinese red, cockatoo green and cameo  
rose on Brian... He would perish. See,  
but that's what I like about you, Cathy.  
You are naturally vibrant. Vibrant and  
vulgar and common and it's beautiful.  
Beautiful and real and sensual and  
shockingly tumescent.

CATHY

Shockingly what?!?

CHRISTINE

Ripe, m'love.

CATHY

Like a melon, huh?

CHRISTINE

Cathy, when you go into labor -- and  
we'll play it as it lays, of course,  
no anaesthetics or prepping or any of  
that rot...

CATHY

Wait a minute... what do you mean, "we"?

CHRISTINE

Well, I mean, you'll do it and I'll learn it. You know, in case I have to fake a few hours of agony to convince father...

CATHY

But you said this morning he was convinced already.

CHRISTINE

He is. But we've got to maintain the illusion.

CATHY

No anaesthetics, Christine, is not an illusion.

CHRISTINE

Oh, the natural childbirth is for the baby's sake, not Daddy's.

CATHY

What about my sake?

CHRISTINE

But you're made for it, for the natural style... You'll be beautiful down on your hands and knees, panting and sweating and contracting.

CATHY

(HORRIFIED) My hands and knees?!?

CHRISTINE

Having a baby on one's back is a savage invention of modern medicine.

(MORE)

## CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

It may be easier on doctors, but it's very anti-gravity. Primitives at least have the sense to squat. But the best way is like this... (GETS DOWN ON HER KNEES AND BEGINS PANTING RAPIDLY)

DRESSED IN HIS MORTUARY 3-PIECE SUIT, GRANDPA LARKIN ENTERS, PANTING FROM THE THREE-STORY CLIMB TO CATHY'S ROOM AND SEES CHRISTINE PANTING IN PUERTO RICAN FOLKLORICS ON THE FLOOR, HER EYES SHUT IN SIMULATED LABOR PAINS... CATHY ALMOST LAUGHS OUT LOUD...

CATHY

Hi, Grandpa.

CHRISTINE

(REALIZING) Oh! Oh my God! (HIDES FACE) I'm dying!

GRANDPA

Why, did you just climb all those stairs, too?

CATHY

Grandpa, this is Christine Addams, the mother of my child. Christine, this is my mother's adopted father, Mr. Larkin.

CHRISTINE

(REGAINED) Pleased to meet you, Mr. Larkin. You must excuse my seemingly strange behavior.

GRANDPA

Oh, don't worry, Miss Addams. I've already forgotten it.

CHRISTINE

How galante and chivarous you are. (TO CATHY) Too bad he isn't a blood relation of the baby's. He's so mannerly, so courtly...

GRANDPA

And so out of breath.

CHRISTINE

Oh, I'm so sorry. Here, let me clear you a spot... (REMOVES CLOTHES FROM THE COT AND PLAYS REST OF SCENE WITH ARMS FULL OF CLOTHES)

GRANDPA

Thank you.

CHRISTINE

Just out of curiosity, Mr. Larkin... What business are or were you in? You have a certain refinement...

GRANDPA

I'm in futures.

CHRISTINE

The futures market! You must know my father...

GRANDPA

In my work, sooner or later, I run into everybody.

CHRISTINE

Speaking of running, I'd better get into something a little bit... you know... Babe Paley... before Bri-Bri gets home.

GRANDPA

Bye, Miss Addams. Give my regards to  
Mr. Addams. And to your husband.

CHRISTINE EXITS.

CATHY

Grandpa! You're a genius! How did you  
know to tell her you were in futures.

GRANDPA

It's true. That's a pretty outfit. I  
like that dress.

CATHY

It's wool. Which is what I'm going to  
have to pull over somebody-I-won't-  
mention's eyes if I'm going to hang onto  
it.

GRANDPA

CAthy. Why don't you just quit all this  
wheeling and dealing adoption business  
and come home. Martha has a job as a  
victim of attempted rape and I'm working  
Now, too...

CATHY

In futures! Oh, Grandpa, I'm so proud.  
What was it, one of those "get your  
diploma at home" courses from a matchbook?

GRANDPA

Not exactly. It was more that nobody but  
the Crasset Funeral Home could appreciate  
my unique qualifications.

CATHY

Crasset Neighborhood Mortuaries? You  
mean, "Your Future Is Safe With Us?"

GRANDPA

I'm a before-need advisor there. It's  
not bad, really. Except for the colors.

CATHY

The colors?

GRANDPA

Well, in my day, everything was black,  
you know, and simple. It had dignity.  
Nowadays, though, all the caskets are  
made of moulded phone plastic and dyed.  
Things like cockatoo green, Chinese red.  
And the insides are sky blue...

CATHY

... And cameo rose?

GRANDPA

How did you know?

CATHY

It's a popular color.

GRANDPA

Well, I always recommend them the plain  
pine box. It's simpler. Naturaller.  
More dignity.

CATHY

I know what you mean. When it comes to  
death, the natural look is more dignified.

GRANDPA

-- Then you'll come home?

CATHY

Oh, Grandpa. I know it's hard to understand -- but, well, ever since I've been, you know, in the family way, I've just felt like I'm in the way when I'm with the family.

GRANDPA

You mean mortified. I feel that all the time. But so what? It all passes.

CATHY

Oh, Grandpa! (SHE LEANS ON HIS SHOULDER OR SOME SUCH INTIMACY) I'm sorry. But I have to say "no" to you, just like I did to Mary.

GRANDPA

Yes, I guess you've got to finish what you've undertaken.

CATHY

Something like that.

GRANDPA

Well, suit yourself, then.

CATHY

I'm trying. (BIG HUG) Oh, Grandpa, I knew you'd understand.

GRANDPA

(WARMLY) No, I don't really. But it doesn't matter. As long as you're happy. And it is a nice dress. What do I know? (HUGS BACK)

FADE OUT.

ACT TWOSHUMWAY KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

DETECTIVE H.V. JOHNSON IS SECRETLY  
SUBSTITUTING A BUGGED ELECTRIC CAN  
OPENER FOR AN ANALOGOUS APPLIANCE.  
MARTHA'S DECORATING CUPCAKES.

MARTHA

Oh, H.V. I'm so nervous about bugging  
Jack and Jill with your electronic  
detection surveillance equipment. Are  
you sure we won't be arrested if they find  
out we're violating the individual's right  
to privacy?

JOHNSON

Don't worry, Martha. It's procedure.  
Besides: It's not an individual; there's  
two of them... which makes it a conspiracy.

MARTHA

Well, it makes me nervous. My goose bumps  
are starting to goose bump. I never had  
to fool anyone into incriminating themselves  
before. It always just happens by itself.

JOHNSON

Well, these con artists are tricky wickets,  
Martha. Once they hit on you as a mark  
they can extort your last cent.

MARTHA

Of course, I still hope you're wrong about Jack and Jill. Not only for George's sake. But for Jill, too, who looks just like Ethel Merman, who George and I saw in New York on our honeymoon during the war in "Panama Hattie."

JOHNSON

During the war?

MARTHA

It's all so confusing. But I'm just going to pretend that they're innocent, H.V., until you've proved to me, that is, beyond a reasonable doubt, that they're guilty of being wickets or whatever.

JOHNSON

They are.

MARTHA

But what if they really are in telepathic and photogenic communication with the intergalactic tribunal of The Krine?

JOHNSON

They're not. Is your current A.C.?

MARTHA

Yes. But if they are, H.V., then my last hope of finding George again is hanging on them.

JOHNSON

These babies will hang themselves, Martha,  
believe me. All you have to give them is  
the rope.

MARTHA

Well, I don't know about rope, but I'm  
giving them a garland of graduated beading  
and reverse shells. To string them along.  
I don't know why Jill always wears plastic  
jewelry.

JOHNSON

That's clever.

MARTHA

More like nervous. Somehow I had an easier  
time as a victim of first degree assault  
with intent to rape and maim in those  
police training films.

JOHNSON

(SIDLING UP) You were terrific, Martha.  
The whole precinct clapped when we screened  
your rushes.

MARTHA

Oh, that's sweet.

JOHNSON

(OVER HER SHOULDER) I can't help admiring  
how sweet your cupcakes are looking besides.

MARTHA

Now, H.V. (GIGGLE) See what you've done.  
All those compliments make my daisies go  
into spasm.

JOHNSON

(CUTE) Why don't you just serve 'em Mars bars instead?

MARTHA

Mars bars!... H.V., you are not serious!

No. I'll just cover up this entire cupcake with a big mum, and they'll never be the wiser.

JOHNSON

A cover-up, eh?

MARTHA

Now, George... I mean, H.V., please don't tease me. I'm nervous enough about getting extorted. Jack and Jill are coming any minute. Do you have your low-interference transistorized converters with five-prong connector cables all ready?

JOHNSON

Nope.

MARTHA

Oh. Well, is there a truck outside, like in S.W.A.T.? I'm so excited, H.V. I just love technicalities. Will you tell me how you're going to do it or is it secret?

JOHNSON

Well, it is secret, a little. I mean, we don't want to tip off the bad guys to our techniques. It's hard enough to keep pace with the criminal element as it is.

THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

MARTHA

Oh no! that's them! What am I going to do?! How do I act like a what-you-said-before?

JOHNSON

A mark? Just act natural and unsuspecting. Get them to sit in the dining area and whatever you do, don't move the electric can opener.

MARTHA

The can opener! You're running it off the wall!

JOHNSON

(PROUDLY) Completely off the wall.

MARTHA

Well, you certainly work fast, H.V., when it comes to implanting a miniaturized pick-up mike in a common household object.

JOHNSON

(BLUSHING) All in day's work, Martha.

THE KNOCK SOUNDS AGAIN.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Now remember. You want them to talk about money changing hands, and if possible, get them to name you a sum. I'll be in the next room, determining the guilt of the suspects.

MARTHA ANSWERS THE DOOR FOR JACK AND JILL.

MARTHA

Jack! Jill! Welcome! Sit right down and have some cupcakes and tea so we can talk about money changing hands. Jack, why don't you sit here. (LIFTS EXTENSION CORD SO HE CAN PASS) And Jill right over here. That way the appliances won't block our vision.

JACK

It's so good to see you in person again, Mrs. Shumway. Jill has seen you often and tells me you've found work.

MARTHA

She has? Seen me? Was I in the paper?

JILL

Oh, seen you in my mind's eye, is what Jack meant.

MARTHA

How come you always wear that plastic jewelry?

JILL

It was some sort of acting, it was.

MARTHA

(LYING) Acting. Oh, yes. I'm acting as ex-president of the Fernwood Single Spouse's club until George comes back from the hyper-terrestrial zone. Is that what you meant?

JILL

I told you, Mrs. Shumway, I didn't want to pry.

JACK

Yes, it's sad. Jill has fabulous powers, but she refuses to cultivate them.

JILL

Well, I certainly wouldn't want anyone tuning into my brainwaves unannounced. It's a violation of the right to privacy. Don't you agree?

MARTHA

Well, except for George. I'd give my last cent to be able to talk to his brainwaves again. And speaking of my last cent. You know, it's unsuspecting and very forgetful of me, but, how much money did you say it would cost to make the Krine return my husband?

JACK

(QUICKLY) Ah! The Krine! The Krine! We must give her the news from the Krine. But first, Mrs. Shumway, might I compliment you on your exquisite confectionary art. That large flower in particular is quite special. It represents a real variety, I can tell, but the name escapes.

MARTHA

Oh, that's a mum.

JACK

(WITH MEANINGFUL LOOKS AT JILL) Yes, yes, of course. "Mum's" the word! The very word I was looking for. I'd have known it anywhere. It's amazing how a mere pastry can open whole vistas of memory.

JILL

So true, so true. I remember the first time we made contact with the Krine via computerized binary signal. What a moment it was! It was like talking to someone in the very next room. Oh!!

JILL HOLDS HER HEAD IN SEEMING PAIN.

JACK

Jill... Jill... (TO MARTHA) Oh, dear. I'm afraid Jill's having one of her attacks. Her synapses fire spontaneously from time to time, endangering the over-all valence of her cranial pan. We must go.

MARTHA

Does she need to lie down?

JACK

(HELPING JILL UP) No... no. Thank you, Mrs. Shumway. Automotive travel is the best cure. There's a natural affinity between inter-space-sensitives and cars, you know.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Most saucer sightings take place on the road in hard-tops. (ON THE WAY OUT THE DOOR) Please forgive us. We'll contact you as soon as we can.

MARTHA

But when is George landing? Doesn't he have a date?

JACK

Don't worry, Mrs. Shumway. We'll make sure you don't miss him.

THEY EXIT AND H.V. ENTERS FROM THE BACK.

JOHNSON

Well, what did I tell you, Martha? Didn't I say they'd hang themselves?

MARTHA

But they didn't say anything incriminating at all.

JOHNSON

It's the ones who refuse to incriminate themselves, Martha, that you know are guilty. It's as good as pleading the fifth. You can't convict on it, true... but a grand jury indictment... with a grant of immunity... and then, Martha, they'll have to hang themselves so high you'll need a telescope to see 'em twisting slowly in the breeze.

MARTHA

But what if they know, H.V.? I mean, they may be trying to get my last cent, but what if they really know how to find my last husband.

JOHNSON

Don't worry, Martha. It'll all come out in the wash.

MARTHA

Oh, H.V. (SHE FALLS INTO HIS WAITING ARMS, CRYING) I don't know what to do without George and so many problems and cupcakes. Thank goodness I can at least depend on the law.

HE SMILES.

FADE OUT.

ACT THREEMARY'S LIVING ROOM, EVENING

MARY'S ON THE COUCH WITH A PILE OF MAGAZINES. TOM ENTERS WITH A WRAPPED GIFT PACKAGE, A BOTTLE OF WINE AND ONE GLASS.

TOM

(PHONEY FRENCH ACCENT) May-ree... May-ree  
Ma Cherree... EEt ees mee, come home to  
celebrate zee bay-bee of Cath-ee.

(WAVING BOTTLE) Close your eyes and you're  
on the Riviera!

MARY

Convertible sofa? (IMMERSED IN READING,  
TO STALL BAD NEWS) Oh, Tom, you have to read  
this article about decision making casualties  
in the Home. It says, "Most people don't  
make key choices carefully, or even of  
their own free will."

TOM COMES UP TO HER AND GENTLY PUTS  
HER MAGAZINE DOWN. HE KISSES HER.  
SHE TRIES TO PULL BACK, BUT HE HOLDS  
HER HEAD UNTIL SHE'S ENJOYING IT.

TOM

So, how does it feel to be a mother-to-be  
again?

MARY

Tom. First of all, somebody who is already a mother cannot be a mother-to-be. She can only be pregnant or adopt her sister's fatherless child. And second of all, we can't celebrate adopting Cathy's baby, because she said "no".

TOM IS OPENING THE WINE AND FILLING A GLASS FOR MARY WHO DRINKS THROUGHOUT SCENE.

TOM

What happened? Some legal thing? Didn't we qualify?

MARY

It's more like we lost to the competition, which happens to be a forty room mansion which was built by Mr. Ferne after whom our entire town is named.

TOM

You mean, Cathy said she'd rather give her baby to those Addams creeps than to her own sister? What kind of decision is that?

MARY

Well, I think it's one of the ones in this article that wasn't made of her own free will, like paying taxes or sending out Christmas cards to places of business which have served you well.

TOM

But how could they force her to say "no"  
to her own sister?

MARY

I don't know, Tom. I'm just hoping that this particular "no" of Cathy's is the same sort of "NO" which she is now very well known for and very pregnant by. I mean, some people have very firm "no's", but Cathy's "no" is somewhere to the south of Jello at not quite room temperature. It could turn into a "yes" at the slightest shift of Free Will.

TOM

Uh huh. But until her will shifts, no baby. Is that it?

MARY

Well, what I'm trying to say is that it's more like a "maybe baby", than here-have-a-cigar.

TOM

Well look. Why don't we celebrate anyway? I mean, what's to stop us from rolling our own, you know? Having our own kid.

MARY

(STALLING) Well, see, the problem with that is free will. I mean... Tom! I'm really glad you're not drinking any of this wine.

TOM

It's French. Do you like it?

MARY

Oh yes. It has a light, dry, fruity undertaste. But it's very bad for you to drink French wine because of the alcoholic content.

TOM

(COOL AND REASSURING) Mary, just watching you get high gets me high.

MARY

Good. It doesn't make you want to just have one sip? Because that's how many people with... what you had, suffer relapses, with just one sip, just because of a minor setback.

TOM

Don't worry, Mary. I can handle the setback. I mean, look, it doesn't even have to be a setback. We can start tonight. You know? (SEXY) Wanna start tonight?

MARY

Start. You mean, start a real live baby, don't you.

TOM

I mean a little Tom Hartman... who can...  
I dunno, look like me, I guess, and,  
you know, learn the business... and  
Heather can help out, learn to be a  
little mother...

MARY

I was right. You do mean a baby.

TOM

(FILLING HER GLASS AGAIN) Yeah. One all  
our own.

MARY

Tom... Are you sure you are making this  
decision of your own free will? I mean  
are you sure you're not being pressured  
into it by those around you or by your  
own concepts of "normative" behavior?  
Which I think is like "normal", but I  
didn't look it up.

TOM

(CUTE) Positive.

MARY

I mean, have you weighed both sides of  
the issue carefully.

TOM

What both sides? It's simple, Baby. I  
feel like having another kid, a son.

MARY

(QUICKLY) But what if it's a daughter?

Aha. I mean, you can name a girl Jo or even Timothy... but not Tom.

TOM

Then we could try one time after that.

MARY

Let's not get carried away.

TOM HAS BEEN RUNNING HIS HAND UP AND DOWN MARY'S ARM.

MARY

Tom, that tickles!

TOM TICKLES HER IN THE RIBS.

TOM

What? That?

MARY

(LAUGHING) Yes, that tickles.

TOM

Feeling a little silly?

(HE TICKLES HER AGAIN)

A little silly?

MARY

(OUT OF CONTROL) Tom. Stop. No. This is serious. I'm spilling.

TOM

Doesn't look serious... (TICKLES)

MARY

(OUT OF BREATH) No... I... mean the other side...

TOM

(TICKLES) Right here?

MARY

No!!! The other side of having a baby.

TOM

Okay. I'll be good. What's the other side?

MARY

The other side? Well, swollen ankles is part of it. And the School system. Do you realize how uneducational our educational system has become? And there's getting up all night for the formula, and Pampers, which, despite their inner covering which keeps baby dry, does not keep you from having to change them when you can't because you're on a bus on the way to the pediatrician who is more expensive than ever and there's also decisions. I mean, having a baby gives you no choice but to make decisions every minute whether you have any free will or not. And it's very hard to go to France with a baby who isn't old enough to eat in restaurants. (GETTING VERY TIPSY AND GIGGLY - SNUGGLING CLOSE TO HIM) I mean, maybe we should just go to France and forget the baby.

TOM

(FRENCH ACCENT AGAIN) May-ree, oh, the beautiful May-ree... Here is ze France, ze EEtalie, ze EEndia, Eng-land, all in one beeg kees. (HE PICKS HER UP IN HIS ARMS)

MARY

Tom... I think I'm getting air sick.

TOM

Now we travel ze world togezzer, no?

We make ze world a bigger and better place?

MARY

Of our own free will?

TOM

Where there is the will, there is the way...

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE #169